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OR,

The Lass that Lured a Sailor.

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL COMIC OPERA,
IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY W. S. GILBERT.

COMPOSED BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Published for Production at the Academy of Music, Halifax.



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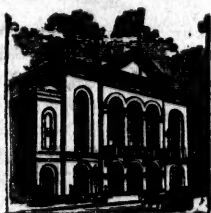
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COMPOSED BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Quarter-deck of H. M. S. "Pinafore." View of Portsmouth in distance. Sailors, led by Boatswain, discovered cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, etc.*

CHORUS.

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.
When the balls whistle free over the bright blue sea,
We stand to our guns all day;
When at anchor we ride on the Portsmouth tide,
We have plenty of time for play.

(*Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP, with large basket on her arm.*)

RECIT.

Hail, men-o'-war's-men—safeguards of your nation,
Here is an end at last of all privation;
You've got your pay—spare all you can afford
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

ARIA.

For I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why;

But still I'm called Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,
 Sweet little Buttercup, I.
 I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky,
 I've scissors and watches and knives;
 I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
 Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.
 I've treacle and toffy, and excellent coffee,
 Soft tommy and succulent chops;
 I've chickens and conies and pretty polonies,
 And excellent peppermint drops.
 Then buy of your Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
 Sailors should never be shy;
 So buy of your Buttercup—poor Little Buttereup,
 Come, of your Buttercup buy!

BOAT. Aye, Little Buttercup—and well called—for you're the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spit-head.

BUT. Red, am I? and round, and rosy! May be, for I have dissembled well. But hark ye, my merry friend, hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker-worm which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

BOAT. No, my lass, I can't say I ever thought that.

(Enter DICK DEAD-EYE.)

DICK. I have thought it often. (*All recoil from him.*)

BUT. Yes, you look like it. What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

BOAT. Don't take no heed of *him*, that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

DICK. I say—it's a beast of a name, ain't it—Dick Dead-eye?

BUT. It's not a nice name.

DICK. I'm ugly too, ain't I?

BUT. You are certainly plain.

DICK. And I'm three-cornered too, ain't I?

BUT. You are rather triangular.

DICK. Ha! ha! That's it. I'm ugly and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you?

BOAT. Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow creatur's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character—now can you?

DICK. No.

BOAT. It's asking too much, ain't it?

DICK. It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It is human nature—I am resigned.

RECIT.

BUT. But, tell me—who's the youth whose faltering feet
With difficulty bear him on his course?

BOAT. That is the smartest lad in all the fleet—
Ralph Rackstraw!

BUT. Ha! that name! Remorse! remorse!

(Enter RALPH.)

MADRIGAL—RALPH.

The Nightingale
Loved the pale moon's bright ray,
And told his tale
In his own melodious way!
He sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"
He sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"

ALL.

The lowly Vale
For the Mountain vainly sighed,
To his humble wail
The echoing hills replied.
They sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"
They sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"

ALL.

RECIT.

I know the value of a kindly chorus,
But choruses yield little consolation,
When we have pain and trouble too before us!
I love—and love, alas, above my station!

BUT. (*Aside.*) He loves—and loves a lass above his station!

ALL. (*Aside.*) Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station.

BALLAD—RALPH.

A maiden fair to see,
The pearl of minstrelsy,
A bud of blushing beauty;
For whom proud nobles sigh,
And with each other vie
To do her menial's duty.
To do her menial's duty.

ALL.

A suitor, lowly born,
With hopeless passion torn,
And poor beyond concealing,
Has dared for her to pine
At whose exalted shrine
A world of wealth is kneeling
A world of wealth is kneeling!

ALL.

Unlearned he in aught
 Save that which love has taught
 (For love had been his tutor);
 Oh, pity, pity me—
 Our captain's daughter she,
 And I that lowly suitor!

ALL. And he that lowly suitor!

(Exit LITTLE BUTTERCUP.)

BOAT. Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high; our worthy captain's child won't have nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

DICK. No, no, captains' daughters don't marry foremast jacks.

ALL. (*Recoiling from him.*) Shame! shame!

BOAT. Dick Deadeye, them sentiments o' yourn are a disgrace to our common natur'.

RALPH. But it's strange that the daughter of a man who hails from the quarter deck may not love another who lays out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the main truck on his slacks on the main deck.

DICK. Ah, it's a queer world!

RALPH. Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on you, but such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an honest sailor shudder.

BOAT. My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck, let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman deserves.

RECIT.

CAPT. My gallant crew, good morning.

ALL. (*Saluting.*) Sir, good morning!

CAPT. I hope you're all well.

ALL. (*As before.*) Quite well; and you, sir?

CAPT. I am in reasonable health, and happy
 To meet you all once more.

ALL. (*As before.*) You do us proud, sir!

SONG—CAPTAIN.

CAPT. I am the Captain of the "Pinafore"!

ALL. And a right good captain, too!

CAPT. You're very, very good,
 And be it understood,

I command a right good crew.

ALL. We're very, very good,
 And be it understood,

He commands a right good crew.

CAPT. Though related to a peer,
I can hand, reef and steer,
And ship a selvagee;
I am never known to quail
At the fury of a gale,
And I'm never, never sick at sea!

ALL. What, never?

CAPT. No, never!

ALL. What, *never*?

CAPT. Hardly ever!

ALL. He's hardly ever sick at sea!
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more
For the hardy Captain of the "Pinafore"!

CAPT. I do my best to satisfy you all—

ALL. And with you we're quite content.

CAPT. You're exceedingly polite,
And I think it only right
To return the compliment.

ALL. We're exceedingly polite,
And he thinks it only right
To return the compliment.

CAPT. Bad language or abuse,
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though "bother it," I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D—.

ALL. What, never?

CAPT. No, never!

ALL. What, *never*?

CAPT. Hardly ever!

ALL. Hardly ever swears a big big D—
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more
For the well-bred Captain of the "Pinafore"!

(After Song, exeunt all but CAPTAIN. Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP.)

BUT. (*Recit.*) Sir, you are sad—the silent eloquence
Of yonder tear that trembles on your eyelash
Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than common;
Confide in me—fear not—I am a mother!

CAPT. Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sorry—
My daughter Josephine, the fairest flower
That ever blossomed on ancestral timber,
Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter,
Our Admiralty's First Lord, but for some reason,
She does not seem to tackle kindly to it.

BUT. (*With emotion.*) Ah, poor Sir Joseph! Ah, I know too
well
The anguish of a heart that loves but vainly!

But see, here comes your most attractive daughter.

I go. Farewell!

(Exit.)

CAPT. (Looking after her.) A plump and pleasing person!

(Enter JOSEPHINE, twining some flowers which she carries in a small basket.)

BALLAD — JOSEPHINE.

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
Sad are the sighs that own the spell,
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

Sad is the hour when sets the sun—
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,
When to the ark the wearied one
Flies from the empty waste of waters!
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

CAPT. My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey to melancholy. You should look your best to-day, for Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., will be here this afternoon to claim your promised hand.

JOS. Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick. I can esteem—reverence—venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man; but oh, I cannot love him! My heart is already given.

CAPT. (Aside.) It is then as I feared. (Aloud.) Given? And to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?

JOS. No, father—the object of my love is no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship!

CAPT. Impossible!

JOS. Yes, it is true—too true!

CAPT. A common sailor? oh fie!

JOS. I blush for the weakness that allows me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when I think of the depth to which I have stooped in permitting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love him! I love him!

CAPT. Come, my child, let us talk this over. In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my daughter—I attach but little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A man in that station may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would commit solecisms that society would never pardon.

JOS. Oh, I have thought of this night and day. But fear not, father: I have a heart, and therefore I love; but I am

your daughter, and therefore I am proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know it.

CAPT. You are my daughter, after all. But see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches, manned by twelve trusty oarsmen and accompanied by the admiring crowd of female relatives that attend him wherever he goes. Retire, my daughter, to your cabin—take this, his photograph, with you—it may help to bring you to a more reasonable frame of mind.

Jos. My own thoughtful father !

(Embrace and exit. CAPTAIN remains.)

BARCAROLE. *(Invisible.)*

Over the bright blue sea
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.,
Wherever he may go
Bang-bang the loud nine-pounders go !
Shout o'er the bright blue sea
For Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. !

(During this the crew have entered on tiptoe, listening attentively to the song.)

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.
We're smart and sober men,
And quite devoid of fe-ar,
In all the Royal N.
None are so smart as we are.

(Enter SIR JOSEPH'S FEMALE RELATIVES. They dance round stage.)

REL. Gayly tripping
Lightly skipping,
Flock the maidens to the shipping.
SAILORS. Flags and guns and pennants dipping !
All the ladies love the shipping.
REL. Sailors sprightly,
Always rightly,
Welcome ladies so politely ;
SAILORS. Ladies who can smile so brightly,
Sailors welcome most politely.

(Enter SIR JOSEPH with COUSIN HERB.)

CAPT. (*from Poop.*) Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way,
 ALL. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

(Repeat.)

SONG—SIR JOSEPH.

I am the monarch of the sea,
 The ruler of the Queen's navee,
 Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants,
 COUSIN HEBE. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and
 his aunts!
 REL. And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and
 his aunts!
 SIR JOSEPH. When at anchor here I ride,
 My bosom swells with pride,
 And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts;
 COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and
 his aunts!
 ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins and,
 his aunts!
 SIR JOSEPH. But when the breezes blow,
 I generally go below,
 And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants!
 COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and
 his aunts!
 ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and
 his aunts!
 His sisters and his cousins,
 Whom he reckons up by the dozens,
 And his aunts!

SONG—SIR JOSEPH.

When I was a lad I served a term
 As office boy to an attorney's firm.
 I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
 And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
 I polished up that handle so carefulee,
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Chorus: He polished, etc.

As office boy I made such a mark
 That they gave me the post of junior clerk.
 I served the writs with a smile so bland,
 And I copied all the letters in a big round hand;
 I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Chorus: He copied, etc.

In serving writs I made such a name,
 That an articulated clerk I soon became;

I wore clean collars and a bran new suit,
 For the pass examination at the Institute.
 And that pass examination did so well for me,
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee !

Chorus : And that pass examination, etc.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip,
 That they took me into partnership.
 And that junior partnership, I ween,
 Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
 But that kind of ship so suited me,
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee !

Chorus : But that kind, etc.

I grew so rich that I was sent
 By a pocket borough into Parliament.
 I always voted at my party's call,
 And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
 I thought so little they rewarded me,
 By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee !

Chorus : He thought so little, etc.

Now, landsmen all, whoever you may be,
 If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
 If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
 Be careful to be guided by this golden rule :
 Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,
 And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee !

Chorus : Stick close, etc.

SIR JOSEPH. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. (*Examining a very small midshipman.*) A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. A splendid fellow indeed, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. Indeed, I hope so, Sir Joseph,

SIR JOSEPH. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. No bullying, I trust ; no strong language of any kind, eh ?

CAPT. On, never, Sir Joseph !

SIR JOSEPH. What, *never* !

CAPT. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.

SIR JOSEPH. (*Reproving.*) Don't patronize them, Sir—pray don't patronize them.

CAPT. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. That you are their Captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronized because an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.

CAPT. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. You are the last person who did, Captain Coreoran. Desire that splendid seaman to step forward.

CAPT. Ralph Rackstraw, come here.

SIR JOSEPH. (*Sternly.*) If what?

CAPT. I beg your pardon—

SIR JOSEPH. If you please.

CAPT. Oh, yes, of course. If you please. (*RALPH steps forward.*)

SIR JOSEPH. You're a remarkably fine fellow.

RALPH. Yes, your honor.

SIR JOSEPH. And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound.

RALPH. There's not a smarter topman in the navy, your honor, though I say it who shouldn't.

SIR JOSEPH. Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

RALPH. No, your honor.

SIR JOSEPH. That's a pity; all sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening, after dinner. Now tell me—don't be afraid—how does your captain treat you, eh?

RALPH. A better captain don't walk the deck, your honor.

ALL. Hear!

SIR JOSEPH. Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer; I dare say he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing?

RALPH. I can hum a little, your honor.

SIR JOSEPH. Then hum this at your leisure. (*Giving him M S music.*) It is a long song that I have composed for the use of the Royal Navy. It is designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service, and to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. Now, Captain Coreoran, a word with you in your cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.

CAPT. Aye, aye, Sir Joseph. Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous occasion, see that extra grog is served out to the ship's company at seven bells.

BOAT. Beg pardon. If what, your honor?

CAPT. If what? I don't think I understand you.

BOAT. If you please, your honor.

CAPT. What!

SIR JOSEPH. The gentleman is quite right. If you please.

CAPT. (*Stamping his foot impatiently.*) If you please!

SIR JOSEPH. For I hold that on the seas
The expression "if you please"

A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.

COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts!

ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and
his aunts!

(*Exeunt CAPTAIN, SIR JOSEPH, and RELATIVES.*)

BOAT. Ah! Sir Joseph's a true gentleman; courteous and
considerate to the very humblest.

RALPH. True, Boatswain, but we are not the very humblest.
Sir Joseph has explained our true position to us. As he says, a
British seaman is any man's equal excepting his; and if Sir
Joseph says that, is it not our duty to believe him?

ALL. Well spoke! well spoke!

DICK. You're on a wrong tack, and so is he. He means
well, but he don't know. When people have to obey other
people's orders, equality's out of the question.

ALL. (*Recoiling.*) Horrible! horrible!

BOAT. Dick Deadeye, if you go for to infuriate this here
ship's crew too far, I won't answer for being able to hold 'em
in. I'm shocked! that's what I am—shocked!

RALPH. Messmates, my mind's made up. I'll speak to the
captain's daughter, and tell her, like an honest man, of the honest
love I have for her.

ALL. Hurrah!

RALPH. Is not my love as good as another's? Is not my
heart as true as another's? Have I not hands and eyes and ears
and limbs like another?

ALL. Aye, aye!

RALPH. True, I lack birth—

BOAT. You've a birth on board this very ship.

RALPH. Well said—I had forgotten that. Messmates—what
do you say? do you approve my determination?

ALL. We do.

DICK. I don't.

BOAT. What is to be done with this here hopeless chap?
Let us sing him the song that Sir Joseph has kindly composed
for us. Perhaps it will bring this here miserable creature to a
proper state of mind.

GLEE—RALPH, BOATSWAIN, and BOATSWAIN'S MATE and
CHORUS.

A British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird,
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word.

His nose should pant and his lips should curl,
His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,
And his first be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

Chorus : His nose should pant, etc.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be wrung;
He never should bow down to a domineering frown
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.
His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude!

Chorus : His foot should stamp, etc.

(All exeunt excepting RALPH, who remains, leaning pensively against bulwark.)

(Enter JOSEPHINE.)

JOS. It is useless—Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, but to me he seems tedious, fretful, and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table. *(Sees RALPH.)* Ralph Rackstraw! *(Overcome by emotion.)*

RALPH. Aye, lady—no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw.

JOS. *(Aside.)* How my heart beats! *(Aloud.)* And why poor, Ralph?

RALPH. I am poor in happiness, lady—rich only in unrest. In me there meet a combination of elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither and thither—wafted one moment in blazing day, by mocking hope—plunged the next into a darkness of despair, I am but a living embodiment of positive contradictions. I hope I make myself clear, lady?

JOS. Perfectly. *(Aside.)* His simple eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared—but no, the thought is madness! *(Aloud.)* Dismiss these foolish fancies. they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.

RALPH. *(Aside.)* I will—one. *(Aloud.)* Josephine!

JOS. *(Indignantly.)* Sir!

RALPH. Aye, even though Jove's armory were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips dared to breathe that precious word, yet would I breathe it once, and then perchance be silent evermore. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you!

JOS. Sir, this audacity! *(Aside.)* Oh my heart, my heart! *(Aloud.)* This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor! *(Aside.)* Common! oh, the irony of the world! *(Aloud.)* Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

RALPH. I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you desperately. Give me hope, or drive me to despair. I have spoken and I wait your word.

JOS. You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I haughtily reject. Go, sir, and learn to cast your eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank—they should be lowered before your captain's daughter!

DUET—JOSEPHINE and RALPH

JOS. Refrain, audacious tar,
Your suit from pressing,
Remember what you are,
And whom addressing!
Proud lords to seek my hand
In throngs assemble,
The loftiest in the land
Bow down and tremble!

(*Aside.*) I'd laugh my rank to scorn
In union holy,
Were he more highly born
Or I more lowly!

RALPH. Proud lady, have your way,
Unfeeling beauty!
You speak and I obey,
It is my duty!
I am the lowliest tar

That sails the water,
And you proud maiden, are
My captain's daughter!
(*Aside.*) My heart with anguish torn
Bows down before her,
She laughs my love to scorn,
Yet I adore her!

(*Exit JOSEPHINE.*)

RALPH. (*Recit.*) Can I survive this overbearing
Or live a life of mad despairing,
My proffered love despised, rejected?
No, no, it's not to be expected!

(*Calling off.*)

Messmates, ahoy!
Come here! Come here!

(*Enter SALORS, HEBE and RELATIVES.*)

ALL. Aye, aye, my boy,
What cheer, what cheer?
Now tell us pray,
Without delay,
What does she say—
What cheer, what cheer?

RALPH (*to COUSIN HEBE*).

The maiden treats my suit with scorn,
Rejects my humble love, my lady.
She says I am ignobly born,
And cuts my hopes adrift, my lady.

ALL. Oh, cruel, one!

DICK. She spurns your suit? Oho! Oho!
I told you so, I told you so.

SAILORS and RELATIVES.

S all { we } submit? are { we } but slaves?
 { they } { they }

Love comes alike to high and low;

Britannia's sailors rule the waves,

And shall they stoop to insult? no!

DICK. You must submit, you are but slaves;

A lady she! Oho! Oho!

You lowly toilers of the waves,

She spurns you all—I told you so!

(*Goes off.*)

RALPH. (*Drawing a pistol.*)

My friends, my leave of life I'm taking,

For oh, for oh, my heart is breaking!

When I am gone, oh, prithee, tell

The maid that, as I died, I loved her well!

(*Loading it.*)

ALL. (*Turning away, weeping.*)

Of life, alas, his leave he's taking!

For ah! his faithful heart is breaking.

When he is gone, we'll surely tell

The maid that, as he died, he loved her well.

(*During CHORUS he has loaded pistol.*)

RALPH. Be warned, my messmates, all
Who love in rank above you;
For Josephine I fall!

(*Puts pistol to his head. All the sailors stop their ears.*)

(*Enter JOSEPHINE.*)

JOS. Ah! stay your hand! I love you!

ALL. Ah! stay your hand—she loves you!

RALPH. (*Incredulously.*) Loves me?

JOS. Loves you!

ALL. Yes, yes; ah, yes! she loves you!

ENSEMBLE.

SAILORS and RELATIVES, and JOSEPHINE.

O joy! O rapture, unforeseen!
 For now the sky is all serene.
 The god of day, the orb of love,
 Has hung his ensign high above.
 The sky is all ablaze.
 With wooing words and loving song,
 We'll chase the lagging hours along,
 And if { I find } the maiden coy,
 { I'll } { we find }
 { We'll } murmur forth decorous joy
 In dreamy roundelays!

DICK DEADEYE.

He thinks he's won his Josephine,
 But though the sky is now serene,
 A frowning thunderbolt above
 May end their ill-assorted love
 Which now is all ablaze.
 Our captain ere the day is gone,
 Will be extremely down upon
 The wicked men, who art employ
 To make his Josephine his coy
 In many various ways.

JOS.	This very night,
HEBE.	With bated breath
RALPH.	With muffled oar,
JOS.	Without a light,
HEBE.	As still as death,
RALPH.	We'll steal ashore.
JOS.	A clergyman
RALPH.	Shall make us one
BOAT.	At half-past ten,
JOS.	And then we can
RALPH.	Return, for none
BOAT.	Can part us then!
ALL.	This very night, etc.

(DICK appears.)

DICK. Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've planned,
 She is a lady—you a foremast hand!
 Remember, she's your gallant captain's daughter,
 And you the meanest slave that crawls the water!

ALL. Back, vermin, back,
 Nor mock us!
 Back, vermin, back,
 You shock us!

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride
Who casts all thought of rank aside—
Who gives up house and fortune too
For the honest love of a sailor true !

For a British tar is a soaring soul
As free as a mountain bird ;
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word !
His foot should stamp and his throat should growl
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl,
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.



ACT II.

Same Scene. Night. CAPTAIN discovered singing and accompanying himself on a mandolin. LITTLE BUTTERCUP seated on quarter-deck, gazing sentimentally at him.

SONG—CAPTAIN.

Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?
I have lived, hitherto,
Free from the breath of slander,
Beloved by all my crew—
A really popular commander.
But now my kindly crew rebel,
My daughter to a tar is partial,
Sir Joseph storms, and sad to tell,
He threatens a court martial!
Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?

BUT. How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the unconscious moon! Of whom is he thinking? Of some high-born beauty? It may be! (*Sighing.*) Who is poor Little Buttercup that she should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly! And yet if he knew—

CAPT. Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

BUT. True, dear Captain—but the recollection of your sad pale face seem to chain me to ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

CAPT. Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seemed to have turned against me!

BUT. Oh, no; do not say "all," dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

CAPT. True, for you are stanch to me. (*Aside.*) If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such an one as this! (*Aloud.*) I am touched to the heart by your innocent

regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

BUT. (*Change of manner.*) I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty, and I, poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gipsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies. There is a change in store for you.

CAPT. A change!

BUT. Aye, be prepared!

DUET—LITTLE BUTTERCUP and CAPTAIN.

BUT. Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim-milk masquerades as cream;
Highblows pass as patent leathers,
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.

CAPT. (*puzzled*). Very true,
So they do.

BUT. Black sheep dwell in every fold,
All that glitters is not gold.
Storks turn out to be but logs,
Bulls are but inflated frogs.

CAPT. (*puzzled*). So they be,
Frequentlee.

BUT. Drops the wind and stops the mill;
Turbot is ambitious brill;
Gild the farthing if you will,
But it is a farthing still.

CAPT. (*puzzled*). Yes, I know.
That is so.

CAPT. Though to catch your drift I'm striving,
It is shady; it is shady;
I don't see at what you're driving,
Mystic lady, mystic lady.

(*Aside.*) Stern conviction's o'er me stealing,
That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.

BUT. Stern conviction's o'er him stealing,
(*Aside.*) That the mystic lady's dealing
In oracular revealing.

BOTH. Yes, I know—
That is so.

CAPT. Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like that forever;
Once a cat was killed by care,
Only brave deserve the fair.

BUT. Very true,
So they do.

CAPT. Wink is often good as nod ;
Spoils the child who spares the rod ;
Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers,
Dogs are found in many mangers.

BUT. Frequentlee,
I agree.

CAPT. Paw of cat the chestnut snatches,
Worn-out garments shew new patches;
Only count the chick that hatches;
Men are grown up catchy-catchies.

BUT. Yes, I know,
That is so.

(*Aside.*) Though to catch my drift he's striving,
I'll dissemble—I'll dissemble;
When he sees at what I'm driving,
Let him tremble—let him tremble!

ENSEMBLE.

Though a mystic tone { I } borrow,
I shall } learn the truth with sorrow,
You will }
Here to-day and gone to-morrow ;
Yes, I know—
That is so !

(At the end, exit LITTLE BUTTERCUP, melodramatically.)

CAPT. Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring? Time alone can tell!

(*Enter* SIR JOSEPH.)

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Cercoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter. In fact, I don't think she will do.

CAPT. She won't do, Sir Joseph!

SIR JOSEPH. I'm afraid not. The fact is, that although I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance, I have done so, hitherto, without success. How do you account for this?

CAPT. Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is of course sensible of your condescension.

SIR JOSEPH. She naturally would be.

CAPT. But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

SIR JOSEPH. You think it does ?

CAPT. I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl, and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

SIR JOSEPH. That is really a very sensible suggestion, and

displays more knowledge of human nature than I had given you credit for.

CAPT. See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her, and assure her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might induce her to look upon your offer in its proper light.

SIR JOSEPH. It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft, she is here. Let us withdraw, and watch our opportunity.

(Enter JOSEPHINE. FIRST LORD retires up and watches her.)

SCENA—JOSEPHINE.

The hours creep on apace,
My guilty heart is quaking !
Oh, that I might retrace
The step that I am taking.
Its folly it were easy to be showing,
What I am giving up and whither going.

On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,
Hung with ancestral armor and old brasses,
Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,
Rare "blue and white" Venetian finger glasses,
Rich Oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,
And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.

And on the other, a dark dingy room,
In some back street with stuffy children crying,
Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume,
And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying.
With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in,
And dinner served up in a pudding basin !

A simple sailor, lowly born,
Unlettered and unknown,
Who toils for bread from early morn
Till half the night has flown !
No golden rank can he impart—
No wealth of house or land—
No fortune save his trusty heart
And honest brown right hand !
And yet he is so wondrous fair
That love for one so passing rare,
So peerless in his manly beauty,
Were little else than solemn duty !
Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey ?

SIR JOSEPH. Madam, it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my exalted rank. I desire to convey to you officially, my assurance that if your hesitation is attributable to that circumstance, it is uncalled for.

Jos. Oh! then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is *not* inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?

SIR JOSEPH. I am officially of that opinion.

Jos. That the high and the lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?

SIR JOSEPH. Madam, I desire to convey to you officially, my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet.

Jos. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I *did* hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (*Aside.*) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause.

(CAPTAIN has entered ; during this speech he comes down.)

TRIO—FIRST LORD, CAPTAIN, and JOSEPHINE.

CAPT. Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore,
Though his lordship's station's mighty,
Though stupendous be his brain,
Though your tastes are mean and flighty
And your fortune poor and plain,

CAPT. and Ring the merry bells on board ship,

SIR JOSEPH. Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of { my } lordship
 { his }

With a humble captain's child!

CAPT. For a humble captain's daughter—

Jos. (*aside*). For a gallant captain's daughter.

SIR JOSEPH. And a lord who rules the water—

Jos. (*aside*). And a *tar* who ploughs the water!

ALL. Let the air with joy be laden,

Rend with songs the air above,

For the union of a maiden

With the man who owns her love!

SIR JOSEPH. Never mind the why and wherefore,

Love can level ranks and therefore,

Though your nautical relation (*alluding to CAPT.*)

In my set could scarcely pass,

Though you occupy a station

In the lower middle class,

CAPT. and Ring the merry bells on board ship,

SIR JOSEPH. Rend the air with warbling wild,

For the union of { my } lordship
 { his }

With a humble captain's child!

1ST LORD. For a humble captain's daughter.
 JOS. (*aside.*) For a gallant captain's daughter,
 CAPT. And a lord who rules the water.
 JOS. (*aside.*) And a *tar* who ploughs the water !
 ALL. Let the air with joy be laden,
 Fill with songs the air above,
 For the union of a maiden
 With the man who owns her love.

JOS. Never mind the why and wherefore,
 Love can level ranks, and therefore
 I admit its jurisdiction ;
 Ably have you played your part.
 You have carried firm conviction
 To my hesitating heart.
 CAPT. and SIR JOSEPH. Ring the merry bells on board ship,
 Rend the air with warbling wild,
 For the union of { my } lordship
 { his }
 With a humble captain's child !

CAPT. and SIR JOSEPH. For a humble captain's daughter,
 JOS. (*aside.*) For a gallant captain's daughter,
 CAPT. and SIR JOSEPH. And a lord who rules the water,
 JOS. (*aside.*) And a *tar* who ploughs the water.
 (*Aloud.*) Let the air with joy be laden.
 CAPT. and SIR JOSEPH. Ring the merry bells on board ship.
 JOS. For the union of a maiden.
 CAPT. and SIR JOSEPH. For her union with his lordship.
 ALL. Rend with songs the air above
 For the man who owns her love ! (*Exit Jos.*)

CAPT. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you my delight at the happy result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable.

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, it is one of the happiest characteristics of this happy country that official utterances are invariably regarded as unanswerable. (*Exit. SIR JOSEPH.*)

CAPT. At last my fond hopes are to be crowned. My only daughter is to be the bride of a Cabinet Minister. The prospect is Elysian. (*During this speech, DICK DEADEYE has entered.*)

DICK. Captain !

CAPT. Deadeye ! You here ? Don't ! (*Recoiling from him.*)

DICK. Ah, don't shrink from me, Captain ! I'm unpleasant to look at, and my name's agin me, but I ain't as bad as I seem.

CAPT. What would you with me ?

DICK. (*Mysteriously.*) I'm come to give you warning.

CAPT. Indeed ! Do you propose to leave the Navy then ?

DICK. No, no, you misunderstand me ; listen !

DUET.—CAPTAIN and DICK DEADEYE.

DICK. Kind Captain, I've important information,
Sing hey, the kind commander that you are,
About a certain intimate relation,

Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.
BOTH. The merry, merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking,
Sing hey, the mystic sailor that you are,
The answer to them vainly I am seeking;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH. The merry, merry maiden and the tar.

DICK. Kind Captain, your young lady is a sighing,
Sing hey, the simple captain that you are,
This very night with Rackstraw to be flying;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH. The merry, merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, you have given timely warning,
Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are,
I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning:
Sing hey, the cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar!

(Producing a "cat.")

BOTH. The merry cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar!

CAPT. Dick Deadeye, I thank you for your warning. I will
at once take means to arrest their flight. This boat-cloak will
afford me ample disguise. So! (*Envelopes himself in a mysterious
cloak, holding it before his face.*)

DICK. Ha, ha! They are foiled—foiled—foiled!

(*Enter CREW on tiptoe, with RALPH and BOATSWAIN, meeting
JOSEPHINE, who enters from cabin on tiptoe with bundle of
necessaries, and accompanied by LITTLE BUTTERCUP. The
CAPTAIN, shrouded in his boat-cloak, takes stage, unnoticed.*)

ENSEMBLE.

Carefully on tiptoe stealing,
Breathing gently as we may,
Every step with caution feeling,
We will softly steal away.

(CAPTAIN stamps.)—Chord.

ALL. (*Much alarmed.*) Goodness me—
Why what was that?

DICK. Silent
It was the cat!

ALL. (*Reassured.*) It was—it was the cat!

CAPT. (*Producing cat o'-nine-tails.*)

They're right, it was the cat!
Pull ashore, in fashion steady,
Hymen will defray the fare,
For a clergyman is ready
To unite the happy pair!

(*Stamp as before, and chord.*)

Goodness me,

Why, what was that?

DICK.

Silent be,

Again the cat!

ALL.

It was again that cat!

CAPT. (*Aside.*) They're right—it was the cat!

CAPT. (*Throwing off cloak.*) Hold! (*All start.*)

Pretty daughter of mine,

I insist upon knowing

Where you may be going

With these sons of the brine;

For my excellent crew,

Though foes they could thump any,

Are scarcely fit company,

My daughter, for you.

CREW.

Now, hark at that, do!

Though foes we could thump any,

We are scarcely fit company

For a lady like you!

RALPH.

Proud officer, that haughty lip uncurl!

Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,

For I have dared to love your matchless girl,

A fact well known to all my messmates here!

CAPT.

Oh, horror!

RALPH and JOS. { I, } humble, poor and lowly born,

{ He, }

The meanest in the port division—

The butt of epauletted scorn—

The mark of quarter-deck derision—

Have } dared to raise { my }

Has } { his } wormy eyes,

Above the dust to which you'd mould { me

In manhood's glorious pride to rise,

I am { an Englishman—behold { me!

He is { him!

ALL.

He is an Englishman!

BOAT.

He is an Englishman,

For he himself has said it,

And it's greatly to his credit,

That he is an Englishman!

ALL.

That he is an Englishman!

BOAT. For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk or Proosian,
Or perhaps Itali-an!

ALL. Or perhaps Itali-an!
BOAT. But in spite of all temptations,
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!

ALL. Hurrah!
For the true born Englishman!

CAPT. (*Trying to repress his anger.*)

In uttering a reprobation
To any British tar,
I try to speak with moderation,
But you have gone too far.
I'm very sorry to disparage
A humble foremast lad,
But to seek your captain's child in marriage
Why damme it's too bad!

(*During this* COUSIN HEBE *and* FEMALE RELATIVES *have entered.*)

ALL. (*Shocked.*) Oh!

CAPT. Yes, damme, it's too bad!

ALL. Oh!

CAPTAIN and DICK DEADEYE. Yes, damme, it's too bad!

(*During this* SIR JOSEPH *has appeared on deck. He is horrified at the bad language.*)

HEBE. Did you hear him, did you hear him?
Oh, the monster overbearing!
Don't go near him, don't go near him,
He is swearing, he is swearing.

SIR JOSEPH (*who has come down*):
My pain and my distress,
I find it is not easy to express;
My amazement, my surprise,
You may learn from the expression of my eyes!

CAPT. My lord, one word: the facts are not before you,
The word was injudicious, I allow,
But hear my explanation, I implore you,
And you will be indignant, I avow!

SIR JOSEPH. I will hear of no defence,
Attempt none if you're sensible.
That word of evil sense
Is wholly indefensible.
Go, ribald, get you hence
To your cabin with celer' y.
This is the consequence
Of ill-advised asperity!

(*Exit* CAPTAIN, *disgraced, followed by* JOSEPHINE.)

ALL. Behold the consequence
Of ill-advised asperity !
SIR JOSEPH. For I'll teach you all, ere long,
To refrain from language strong.
For I haven't any sympathy for ill-bred taunts !
HEBE. No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts.
ALL. For he is an Englishman, etc.

SIR JOSEPH. Now, tell me, my fine fellow—for you *are* a fine fellow—

RALPH. Yes, your honor.

SIR JOSEPH. How came your Captain so far to forget himself? I am quite sure you had given him no cause for annoyance.

RALPH. Please your honor, it was thus wise. You see I'm only a topman; a mere foremast hand—

SIR JOSEPH. Don't be ashamed of that. Your position as a topman is a very exalted one.

RALPH. Well, your honor, love burns as brightly in the fokle as it does on the quarter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes. (*Enter JOSEPHINE; she rushes to RALPH's arms. SIR JOSEPH horrified.*) She's the figure-head of my ship of life; the bright beacon that guides me into my port of happiness !

ALL. Very pretty.

SIR JOSEPH. Insolent sailor, you shall repent this outrage. Seize him! (*Two Marines seize him and handcuff him.*)

JOS. Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly.

SIR JOSEPH. Away with him! I will teach this presumptuous mariner to discipline his affections. Have you such a thing as a dungeon on board?

ALL. We have!

SIR JOSEPH. Then load him with chains and take him there at once!

OCTETTE.

RALPH. Farewell, my own.
Light of my life, farewell !
For crime unknown,
I go to a dungeon cell.
ALL. For crime, etc.
JOS. In the mean time, farewell !
And all alone
Rejoice in your dungeon cell !
ALL. And all, etc.
SIR JOSEPH. A bone, a bone,
I'll pick with this sailor fell ;
Let him be shown
At once to his dungeon cell.
ALL. Let him, etc.

BOATSWAIN, DICK DEADEYE and COUSIN HEBE.

He'll hear no tone
Of the maiden he loves so well!
No telephone
Communicates with his cell!

ALL. No telephone, etc.

BUT. (*Mysteriously.*) But when is known
The secret I have to tell,
Wide will be thrown
The door of his dungeon cell.

ALL. Wide will be thrown
The door of his dungeon cell.

(*All repeat respective verses, ensemble. At the end, RALPH is led off in custody.*)

SIR JOSEPH. Josephine, I cannot tell you the distress I feel at this most painful revelation. I desire to express to you, officially, that I am hurt. You, whom I honored by seeking in marriage; you, the daughter of a Captain in the Royal Navy!

BUT. Hold! I have something to say to that!

SIR JOSEPH. You?

BUT. Yes, I!

SONG—BUTTERUP.

A many years ago,
When I was young and charming,
As some of you may know,
I practised baby-farming.

ALL. Now this is most alarming,
When she was young and charming,
She practised baby-farming,
A many years ago.

BUT. Two tender babes I nussed,
One was of low condition,
The other, upper crust,
A regular patrician.

ALL. (*explaining to each other*):
Now, this is the position:
One was of low condition,
The other a patrician,
A many years ago.

BUT. Oh, bitter is my cup!
However could I do it?
I mixed those children up,
And not a creature knew it.

ALL. How could you do it?
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it,
Although no creature knew it,
So many years ago.

BUT. In time each little waif
 Forsook his foster mother.
 The well-born babe was Ralph,
 Your captain was the other!!!

ALL. They left their foster mother,
 The one was Ralph, our brother,
 Our captain was the other,
 A many years ago.

SIR JOSEPH. Then I am to understand that Captain Corcoran and Ralph were exchanged in childhood's happy hour—that Ralph is really the Captain, and the Captain is Ralph?

BUT. That is the idea I intended to convey!

SIR JOSEPH. Dear me! Let them appear before me at once!

(RALPH enters as CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN as a common sailor.
 JOSEPHINE rushes to his arms.)

JOS. My father—a common sailor!

CAPT. It is hard, is it not my dear?

SIR JOSEPH. This is a very singular occurrence; I congratulate you both. (*To RALPH.*) Desire that remarkably fine seaman to step forward.

RALPH. Corcoran, come here.

CAPT. If what? If you please!

SIR JOSEPH. Perfectly right. If you please!

RALPH. Oh! If you please! (*CAPTAIN steps forward.*)

SIR JOSEPH. (*To CAPTAIN.*) You are an extremely fine fellow.

CAPTAIN. Yes, your honor.

SIR JOSEPH. So it seems that you were Ralph, and Ralph was you.

CAPT. So it seems, your honor.

SIR JOSEPH. Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.

CAPT. Don't say that, your honor; love levels all ranks.

SIR JOSEPH. It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that. (*Handing JOSEPHINE to RALPH.*) Here, take her, sir, and mind you treat her kindly.

RALPH and JOS. Oh, bliss, oh, rapture!

SIR JOSEPH. Sad my lot, and sorry,

What shall I do? I cannot live alone!

ALL. What will he do? he cannot live alone!

HEBE. Fear nothing—while I live I'll not desert you.

I'll soothe and comfort your declining days.

SIR JOSEPH. No, don't do that.

HEBE. Yes, but indeed I'd rather—

SIR JOSEPH. (*Resigned.*) To-morrow morn our vows shall
 all be plighted,

Three loving pairs on the same day united!

DUET—RALPH and JOSEPHINE.

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
The clouded sky is now serene ;
The god of day, the orb of love,
Has hung his ensign high above,
The sky is all ablaze.

With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along,
And if { he finds } the maiden coy,
 { I find }
We'll murmur forth decorous joy,
In dreamy roundelay.

CAPT. For he is the captain of the "Pinafore."

ALL. And a right good captain too!

CAPT. And though before my fall

I was captain of you all,

I'm a member of the crew.

ALL. Although before his fall, etc.

CAPT. I shall marry with a wife,

In my humble rank of life! (*Turning to BUT.*)

And you, my own, are she—

I must wander to and fro,

But wherever I may go,

I shall never be untrue to thee!

ALL. What, never?

CAPT. No, never!

ALL. What, *never*?

CAPT. Hardly ever!

ALL. Hardly ever be untrue to thee.

Then give three cheers, and one cheer more

For the faithful seaman of the "Pinafore."

BUT. For he loves Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,

I'm sure I shall never know why;

But still he loves Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup,

Sweet Little Buttercup, aye!

ALL. For he loves, etc.

SIR JOSEPH. I'm the monarch of the sea,

And when I've married thee (*to HEBE*),

I'll be true to the devotion that my love implants.

HEBE. Then good by to his sisters, and his cousins and
his aunts,

Especially his cousins,

Whom he reckons up by dozens,

His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

ALL. For he is an Englishman,

And he himself hath said it,

And it's greatly to his credit,

That he is an Englishman!

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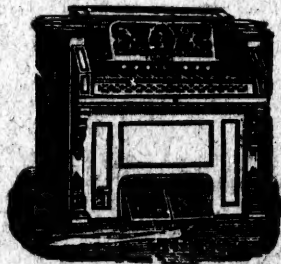
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